

1

LESSONS

FOR

CHILDREN.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

With Engravings.



A New and Improved Edition.

LONDON :

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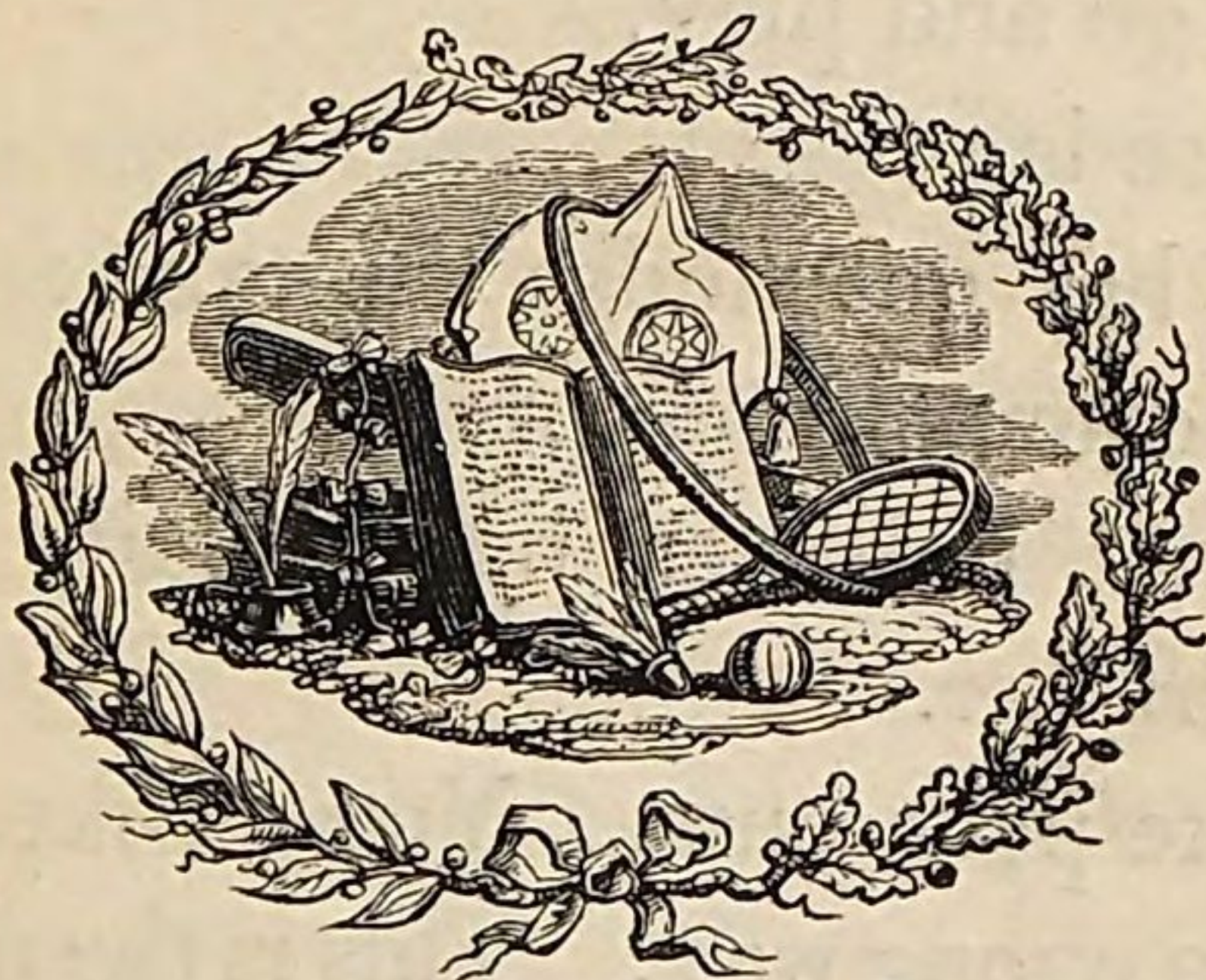
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

PREFACE.

THIS little publication was made for a particular child, but the public is welcome to the use of it. It was found that, amidst the multitude of books professedly written for children, there is not one adapted to the comprehension of a child from two to three years old. A grave remark, or a connected story, however simple, is above his capacity ; and *nonsense* is always below it ; for Folly is worse than Ignorance. Another great defect is the want of *good paper, a clear and large type, and large spaces.* They only,

who have actually taught young children, can be sensible how necessary these assistances are. The eye of a child and of a learner cannot catch, as ours can, a small, obscure, ill-formed word, amidst a number of others all equally unknown to him.—To supply these deficiencies is the object of this book. The task is humble, but not mean ; for to lay the first stone of a noble building, and to plant the first idea in a human mind can be no dishonour to any hand —This Edition will be found much improved in many respects, and prettily embellished with Cuts.

BARBAULD'S LESSONS.



COME hither, Charles, come to
mamma.

Make haste.

Sit in mamma's lap.

Now read your book.

Where is the pin to point with ?

Here is a pin.

Do not tear the book.

Only bad boys tear books.

Charles shall have a pretty new lesson.

Spell that word. Good boy.

Now go and play.

Where is puss ?

Puss has got under the table.

You cannot catch puss.

Do not pull her by the tail, you hurt her.

Stroke poor puss. You stroke her the wrong way. This is the right way.

But, puss, why did you kill the rabbit ?

You must catch mice : you must not kill rabbits.

Well, what do you say ? Did you kill the rabbit ?

Why do you not speak, puss ?

Puss cannot speak.

Will Charles feed the chickens ?
Here is some corn for the pigeons.
Pretty pigeons !

The sun shines. Open your eyes,
little boy. Get up.

Maid, come and dress Charles.

Go down stairs. Get your breakfast.

Boil some milk for a poor little
hungry boy.

Do not spill the milk.

Hold the spoon in the other hand.

Do not throw your bread upon the
ground.

Bread is to eat, you must not throw
it away.

Corn makes bread.

Corn grows in the fields.

Grass grows in the fields.

Cows eat grass, and sheep eat grass,
and horses eat grass.

Little boys do not eat grass ; no,
they eat bread and milk.

Letters make syllables.

Syllables make words.

Words make a sentence.

It is a pleasant thing to read well.

When you are older you shall learn
to write : but you must know
how to read first.

Once papa could not read, nor
tell his letters.

If you learn a little every day you
will soon know a great deal.

Mamma, shall I ever have learned
all that there is to be learned ?

No, never, if you were to live
longer than the oldest man, but

you may learn something every day.

Papa, where is Charles ?

Ah ! where is the little boy !

Papa cannot find him.

Lie still. Do not stir.

Ah ! here he is. He is under
mamma's apron.

Ride upon papa's cane.

Here is a whip. Whip away.

Make haste, horse.

I want to ride a live horse.

Saddle the horse for the little boy.

The horse prances, he tosses his
head, he pricks up his ears, he
starts.

Sit fast ; take care he does not
throw you ; he ambles, he trots,
he gallops. The horse stumbles

Down comes poor Charles in the dirt—Hark ; the huntsman's horn sounds.

The hounds come by with their long sweeping ears.

The horses are in a foam.

See how they break down the farmer's fences.

They leap over the ditch.

One, two, three. They are all gone over.

They are running after the hare.

Poor little hare, I believe you must be caught.

In Germany they hunt the tusky boar.

See, that great boy wants to take away his little sister's hoop : it is very wrong for boys or girls to tease their younger brothers and

sisters. I hope, Charles, you will never do so.—Now let us go home.

Come and give mamma three kisses.

One, two, three.

Little boys must come when
mamma calls them.

Blow your nose.

Here is a handkerchief.

Come and let me comb your hair.

Stand still.

Here is the comb case for you to
hold.

Your frock is untied.

Pray clasp my shoe.

Somebody knocks at the door.

Open the door.

Come in.

Reach a chair.

Sit down.

Come to the fire.

How do you do ?

Very well.

Bring some coals.

Make up the fire.

Sweep up the hearth.

Where is the brush ?

Stand upon the carpet.

Do not meddle with the ink-horn

See, you have inked your frock

Here is a slate for you, and here is
a pencil.

Now sit down on the carpet and
write.

What is this red stick ?

It is sealing-wax.

What is it for ?

To seal letters with.

I want papa's watch

No, you will break the glass.

You broke it once.
You may look at it.
Put it to your ear.
What does it say ?
Tick, tick, tick.

Squirrels crack nuts.
Monkeys are very comical.
You are very comical sometimes.
Kittens are playful.
Old cats do not play.
Mice nibble cheese.
An old rat is in the trap.
He has fine whiskers, and a long tail.
He will bite hard, he will bite
through wood.
Owls eat mice. Owls live in barns
and hollow trees. "Then nightly
sings the staring owl, To whit,
To whoo."

Frogs live in marshes.

Do not kill that toad, it will not
hurt you.

See what a fine eye he has.

The snake has a new skin every
year.

The snake lays eggs.

The snake will do you no harm.

The viper is poisonous.

An old fox is very cunning.

The lamb is gentle.

The ass is patient.

The deer are feeding in the park.

There is a pretty butterfly.

Come, shall we watch it?

Butterfly, where are you going?

It is flown over the hedge.

He will not let us catch him.

There is a bee sucking the flowers.

Will the bee sting Charles ?

No, it will not sting you if you let it alone.

Bees make wax and honey.

Honey is very sweet:

Charles shall have some honey and bread for supper.

Caterpillars eat cabbages.

Here is a poor little snail crawling up the wall.

Touch him with your little finger.

Ah, the snail is crept into his shell.

His shell is his house. Good night, snail.

Let him alone, and he will soon come out again.

I want my dinner, I want pudding. It is not ready yet.

It will be ready presently, and then Charles shall have his dinner.

Lay the cloth.

Where are the knives, and forks,
and plates ?

The clock strikes ; take up the
dinner.

May I have some meat ?

No, meat is not good for little boys.

Here are cherries.

Do not swallow the stone.

I want some wine.

What, wine for little boys ! I
never heard of such a thing. No,
you must not have wine. Here
is water.

Do not stand so near the fire. Go
on the other side.

Do not tread upon mamma's apron
Go away now, I am busy.

Charles, what are eyes for ?

To see with.

What are ears for ?

To hear with.

What is the tongue for ?

To talk with.

What are teeth for ?

To eat with.

What is the nose for ?

To smell with.

What are legs for ?

To walk with.

Then do not make mamma carry
you. Walk yourself.

Here are two good legs.

Will you go abroad ?

Fetch your hat.

Let us go into the fields, and see
the sheep, and the lambs, and
the cows, and trees, and birds,
and water.

There is a man on horseback.

Where are you going ?

He does not mind us, he rides away.

Now he is a great way off.

Now we cannot see him at all.

There a is dog, The dog barks.

Well, do not be afraid, he will not
hurt you.

Come hither, dog.

Let him lick your hand. Poor
Flora ?

Charles is tired ; come, let us go
home.

Ink is black, and papa's shoes are
black.

Paper is white, and Charles's frock
is white.

Grass is green.

The sky is blue.

Charles's shoes are red. Pretty red shoes.

Cowslips are yellow.

The table is brown.

White, black, red, green, blue, yellow, brown.

Pray give me a raisin.

Here is one.

I want another.

Here is another. One, two.

I want a great many : I want ten.

Here are ten. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

Now what will you do with all these raisins ?

Give Billy some, and sister Sally.

Good boy.

There is a pin.

Pick it up. Give it to mamma.
 Do not put it in your mouth; that
 is a very, very naughty trick.
 Stick it upon the pincushion.
 Fetch the work-basket.
 No; do not sit upon it, you will
 break it; sit upon your own
 little stool.

Mamma, what are you doing?
 Reading a pretty story-book.
 Lay by your book, mamma, and
 play with me.

It is winter now, cold winter.
 There is ice in the pond.
 It hails. It snows.
 Will you run out in the snow?
 Go then.
 Let us make snow balls.
 Pretty snow, how white it is, and
 how soft it is.

Bring the snow to the fire.

See, see how it melts. It is all gone, there is nothing but water.

Shall we walk ?

No, it is too dirty.

When Charles is a big boy, he shall have trousers, and a little pair of boots ; and then he shall go in the dirt ; and he shall have a pretty little horse of his own, and a saddle, and bridle, and a whip, and then he shall ride out with papa.

When spring comes again there will be green leaves and flowers, daisies and pinks, and violets and roses ; and there will be young lambs, and warm weather. Come again, spring.

It rains hard
See how it rains
The ducks love rain.
Ducks swim, and geese swim.
Chickens do not swim.
Can Charles swim ? No.
If Charles goes in the water he will
 be drowned.
You shall learn to swim when you
 are as big as Billy.

Bring the tea-things.
Bring the little boy's milk.
Where is the bread and butter ?
Where is the toast and the muffin ?
Here is some bread for you.
Little boys should not eat butter.
Sop the bread in your tea.
The tea is too hot, you must not
 drink it yet.

You must wait a little.
Pour it into your saucer.
The sugar is not melted.
Who is that lady ?
Do not you know ?
Go and give her a kiss.
Pull off your hat.
Nobody wears a hat in the house.
Hats are to go abroad with.
Take me in your lap.
Come then.
Do you love mamma ?
Poor mamma !
Charles has tumbled down.
Get up again then.
Never mind it.
What is the matter with your arm ?
Puss has scratched it.
Poor arm, let me kiss it.
There, now it is well.

Puss was only at play.

I have hit my head against the
table, naughty table !

No, not naughty table, silly boy !

The table did not run against
Charles. Charles ran against
the table.

The table stood still in its place.

I heard somebody cry just now, I
wonder who it was.

It was some naughty boy, I fancy.

Good boys do not cry.

Little babies cry.

Little babies cannot talk, nor run
about ; they can do nothing but
cry.

Charles was a little baby once, and
lay in a cradle.

Then I did cry.

Yes, but now you must not cry.

Now you are a little boy and
ride upon a stick.

See, here is Betty come from the fair.

What has she brought ?

She has brought Charles a gun,
and a sword, and a hammer, and
some gingerbread.

She is very good.

Thank you, Betty.

Do not eat all the gingerbread now,
It will make you sick.

Give me some to lay by for to-
morrow.

I will put it in the cupboard.

Your face is dirty.

Get your face washed.

Get your hands washed.

Now he is a clean boy.



Well, Charles, have you been sailing your little boat in the tub of water with Thomas? I hope you have not made yourself wet.

Ah, here is money. What is this?

This is gold; this is a sovereign.

This white is silver: here is a crown, here is a half crown, here is a shilling, here is a sixpence.

We will spin the half crown upon the table.

It is fallen down.

Pick it up.

Here is a halfpenny for you.

I want some sovereigns.

No, mamma must have the sovereigns to buy beef and mutton with.

Here is a poor little boy at the door, he has no money at all, nor any thing to eat. Shall we give him a penny ?

Yes.

Go then and give it him.

It is dark.

Bring candles.

Snuff the candles.

Shut the window-shutters.

Do not shut them yet.

Look at the moon.

BARBAULD'S LESSONS

bright moon ! O pretty moon !
The moon shines at night, when the
sun is out of our sight.

Is the sun out of sight ?

Then it is time for little boys to go
to bed.

The chickens are gone to bed, and
the little birds are gone to bed,
and the sun is out of sight, and
Charles must go to bed.

Poor little boy, he is sleepy.

I believe we must carry him up
stairs.

Pull off his shoes.

Pull off his frock and petticoats

Put on his nightcap.

Cover him up.

Lay his little head on the pillow

Good night. Shut your eyes, go
sleep.

GOOD morning, little boy ; how do you do ? Bring your little stool and sit down by me, for I have a great deal to tell you.

I hope you have been a good boy, and read all the pretty words I wrote for you before. You have, you say ; you have read them till you are tired, and you want some more new lessons. Come then, sit down. Now you and I will tell stories.

Look at puss ! she pricks up her ears, and smells about. She smells the mice. They are making a noise behind the wainscot. Puss wants to get into the closet. Let her in. The mice have been in the closet, and nibbled the biscuits. Ah ! there

is a mouse puts her tail through the mouse-hole of the wainscot. Take care, little, puss will catch you. Look, look, there she runs ! See, puss springs upon her ; puss has got the mouse ; puss has given her a squeeze. She lets her run about a little. The poor mouse thinks to steal away by the side of the wainscot. Now puss springs again, and lays her paw upon her. I wish, puss, you would not be so cruel, I wish you would eat her up at once.—It is a cold night ; it freezes. Let us catch puss. Come into this dark corner. Now rub her back while I hold her ; rub hard. Stroke her fur the wrong way. Hark ! it crackles ; sparks come out. The cat's back is on fire. This fire will not hurt her, nor you

either. Now we will let her go : she begins to be angry.

What is to-day, Charles ? To-day is Sunday.—And what will to-morrow be ? To-morrow will be Monday.—And what will the next day be ? The next day will be Tuesday.—And the next day ? Wednesday. — And the next ? Thursday.—And the next ? Friday.—And the next ? Saturday.—And what will come after Saturday ? Why then Sunday will come again.

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday. That makes seven days, and seven days make—A week.

And now you know how much four weeks make.

How much ?

A month.

And twelve months make a year
—January, February, March, April,
May, June, July, August, September,
October, November, December.

It is January. It is very cold.
It snows. It freezes. There are
no leaves upon the trees. The oil
is frozen, and the milk is frozen,
and the river is frozen, and every
thing in the fields is frozen.

All the boys are sliding : you
must learn to slide. There is a
man skating. How fast he goes!
You shall have a pair of skates.
Take care ! there is a hole in the
ice. Come in. It is four o'clock.
It is dark. Light the candles :

and, Ralph ! get some wood from the wood-house, and get some coals, and make a very good fire.

February is very cold too, but the days are longer, and there is the yellow crocus coming up, and the mezereon tree is in blossom, and there are some white snow-drops peeping up their little heads. Pretty white snow-drop, with a green stalk ! May I gather it ? Yes, you may ; but you must always ask leave before you gather a flower. What a noise the rooks make, Caw, caw, caw ; and how busy they are ! They are going to build their nests. There is a man plowing the field.

It is March. Now the wind blows ! It will blow such a little fellow as you away, almost. There is a tree blown down.

Here are some young lambs. Poor things ! how they creep under the hedge. What is this flower ? A primrose.

April is come, and the birds sing, and the trees are in blossom, and flowers are coming out, and butterflies, and the sun shines. Now it rains. It rains and the sun shines. There is a rainbow. O what fine colours ! Pretty bright rainbow ? No, you cannot catch it, it is in the sky. It is going away. It fades. It is quite gone. I hear the cuckoo. He says,

Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! He is come to tell us it is spring.

It is May. O pleasant May ! Let us walk out in the fields. The hawthorn is in blossom. Let us go and get some out of the hedges. And here are daisies, and cowslips, and crow-flowers. We will make a nosegay. Here is a bit of thread to tie it with. Smell, it is very sweet. What has Billy got ? He has got a nest of young birds. He has been climbing a high tree for them. Poor little birds ! they have no feathers. Keep them warm. You must feed them with a quill. You must give them bread and milk. They are young goldfinches. They will be very

pretty when they have got their red head and yellow wings. Do not let them die. The little birds' papa and mamma will be very sorry if they come to die. O do not eat green gooseberries! they will make you ill.

June is come. Get up, you must not lie so long in bed now, you must get up and walk before breakfast. What noise is that? It is the mower whetting his scythe. He is going to cut down the grass. And will he cut down all the flowers too? Yes, every thing. The scythe is very sharp. Do not come near it, you will have your legs cut off. Now we must make hay. Where is your fork and rake? Spread the

hay. Now make it up into cocks. Now tumble on the hay-cock. There, cover him up with hay. How sweet the hay smells! O, it is very hot! No matter; you must make hay while the sun shines. You must work well. See, all the lads and lasses are at work. They must have some beer, and bread and cheese. Now put the hay into the cart. Will you ride in the cart? Huzza! Hay is for papa's horse to eat in winter, when there is no grass.

Do you love strawberries and cream? Let us go then and gather some strawberries. They are ripe now. Here is a very large one. It is almost too big to go into your mouth. Get me a bunch of currants. Strip them from the stalk.

The birds have pecked all the cherries. Where is Charles? He is sitting under a rose-bush.

July is very hot indeed, and the grass and flowers are all burnt, for it has not rained a great while. You must water your garden, else the plants will die. Where is the watering-pot? Let us go under the trees. It is shady there, it is not so hot. Come into the arbour. There is a bee upon the honey-suckle. He is getting honey. He will carry it to the hive. Will you go and bathe in the water? Here is water. It is not deep. Pull off your clothes. Jump in. Do not be afraid. Pop your head in.

Now you have been long enough.

Come out, and let me dry you with this towel.

It is August. Let us go into the corn-fields to see if the corn is almost ripe. Yes, it is quite brown ; it is ripe. Farmer Diggory ! you must bring a sharp sickle and cut down the corn : it is ripe. Eat some, Charles ; rub it in your hands. This is a grain of corn ; this is an ear of corn ; this stalk makes straw. Now it must be tied up in sheaves. Now put a great many sheaves together, and make a shock. Put it into the cart, farmer Diggory ! carry it to your barn to make bread. Sing harvest home ! harvest home ! The rabbits eat a great deal of corn. See, there are two just coming out

of the middle of it. There is a poor old woman picking up some ears of corn; and a poor little girl that has no clothes, hardly. They are gleaning. Give them your handful, Charles. Take it, poor woman! it will help to make you a loaf. Poor woman! she is very old, she cannot run. she is sadly tired with stooping.

It is September. Hark! Somebody is letting off a gun! They are shooting the poor birds. Here is a bird dropped down just at your feet. It is all bloody. Poor thing! how it flutters. Its wing is broken. It cannot fly any further. It is going to die. What bird is it? It is a partridge. Are you not sorry,

Charles ? It was alive a little while ago.

Bring the ladder, and set it against the tree. Now bring a basket. We must gather apples. No, you cannot go up the ladder ; you must have a little basket, and pick up apples under the tree. Shake the tree. Down they come. How many have you got ? We will have an apple-dumpling. Come, you must help to carry the apples into the apple-chamber. Apples make cyder. You shall have some baked pears and bread for supper. Are these apples ? No, they are quinces, they will make marmalade.

October is come, Charles ; and the leaves are falling off the trees,

and the flowers are all gone. No, here is an African marigold, and a China-aster, and a Michaelmas daisy. Will you have any nuts? Fetch the nut crackers. Peel this walnut. I will make you a little boat of the walnut-shell. We must get the grapes, or else the birds will eat them all. Here is a bunch of black grapes. Here is a bunch of white ones. Which will you have? Grapes make wine.

What bird have you got there? It is dead, but it is very pretty. It has a scarlet eye, and red, and green, and purple feathers. It is very large. It is a pheasant. He is very good to eat. We will pull off his feathers and tell Betty Cook to roast him. Here is a hare too.

Poor puss the hounds did catch her.

Dark dismal November is come.
No more flowers! no more pleasant
sunshine! no more hay-making!
The sky is very black: the rain
pours down. Well, never mind it.
We will sit by the fire, and read,
and tell stories, and look at pictures.
Where is Billy and Harry, and
little Betsy? Now tell me who
can spell best. Good boy! There
is a clever fellow! Now you shall
all have some cake.

It is December, and Christmas is
coming, and Betty is very busy.
What is she doing? She is paring
apples, and chopping meat, and
beating spice. What for, I won-

der ? It is to make mince pies. Do you love mince pies ? O they are very good ! Little boys come from school at Christmas. Pray wrap them up warm, for it is very cold. Well, spring will come again some time.

Your papa's wife is your mother.

Your mamma's husband is your father.

Your papa's father is your grandfather.

Your papa's mother is your grandmother.

Your mamma's father and mother are your grandfather and grandmother.

Your papa's brother is your uncle.

Your papa's sister is your aunt.

Your mamma's brother and sister
are your uncle and aunt.

You are your uncle's nephew.

Lucy is her uncle's niece.

Your papa and mamma's child is
your brother or sister.

Your uncle and aunt's child is
your cousin.

Bring grandpapa his stick to
walk with.

Set the arm chair by the fire for
grandmamma.

Your aunt knit these stockings
for you.

Ask papa to play at hide and
seek with you.

Hide yourself under mamma's
apron.

When your uncle comes you
shall take a ride upon his horse.

Divide your cake with your brothers and sisters.

We will send for your cousins to play with you, and then we shall have all the family together.

How many fingers have you got, little boy ?

Here are four fingers on this hand ; and what is this ? Thumb. Four fingers and thumb, that makes five. And how many on the other hand ?

There are five too.

What is this ?

This is the right hand.

And this ? This is the left hand.

And how many toes have you got ? Let us count.

Five upon this foot, and five upon this foot.

Five and five make ten ; ten fingers and ten toes.

How many legs have you ?

Here is one, and here is another. Charles has two legs.

How many legs has a horse ?

A horse has four legs.

And how many has a dog ?

Four ; and a cow has four : and a sheep has four ; and puss has four legs.

And how many legs have the chickens ?

Go and look.

The chickens have only two legs.

And the linnets, and the robins, and all the birds, have only two legs.

But I will tell you what birds have got ; they have got wings to fly with, and they fly very high in the air.

Charles has no wings.

No, because Charles is not a bird.

Charles has got hands. Cows have no hands, and birds have no hands.

Have birds teeth ? No, they have no teeth.

How do they eat their victuals then ?

Birds have got a bill. Look at the chickens ; they pick up the corn in their little bills. See how fast they pick it up.

How many legs have fishes ?

Fishes have no legs at all.

How do they walk then ?

They do not walk ? they swim about in the water ; they live always in the water.

Charles could not live under the water.

No, because Charles is not a fish.

Here is a fish that somebody has caught. Poor little fish ! throw it on the grass. See how it flounders about ! It has a hook in its gills.

Take it by the tail. It is slippery ; you cannot hold it. See, these are fins. It has got fins to swim with ; and it has got scales, and sharp teeth. It will be dead soon. It is going to die. It cannot stir any more. Now it is quite dead. The fish dies because it is out of

the water, and Charles would die if he was in the water.

What has Charles got to keep him warm ?

Charles has got a frock and warm petticoats.

And what have the poor sheep got ; have they petticoats ?

The sheep have got wool, thick warm wool. Feel it. O, it is very comfortable ! That is their petticoat.

The shepherd takes great care of the sheep ; he often plays his pipe while they are feeding.

And what have horses got ?

Horses have got long hair ; and cows have hair.

And what have birds got ?



Birds have got feathers ; soft,
clean, shining feathers.

Birds build nests in trees ; nests
are their houses.

The wolf has a den : that is his
house.

The dog has a kennel.

The bees live in a hive

The pigs live in a sty.

Can you climb a tree ? No

But you must learn then.

As soon as you have breeches, you must learn to climb trees.

Ask puss to teach you ; she can climb. See, how fast she climbs ! She is at the top. She wants to catch birds. Pray, puss, do not take the little birds that sing so merrily ! She has got a sparrow in her mouth. She has eaten it all up. No, here are two or three feathers on the ground all bloody. Poor sparrow.

The dog barks,—the hog grunts—
the pig squeaks,—the horse neighs,
—the cock crows,—the ass brays,—
the cat purrs,—the kitten mews,—
the bull bellows,—the cow lows,—
the calf bleats,—Sheep bleat,—the

lion roars,—the wolf howls,—the tiger growls,—the fox barks,—Mice squeak,—the frog croaks,—the sparrow chirps,—the swallow twitters,—the rook caws,—the bittern booms,—the pigeon cooes,—the turkey gobbles,—the peacock screams,—the beetle hums,—the grasshopper chirps,—the duck quacks,—the goose cackles,—Monkeys chatter,—the owl hoots,—the screech-owl shrieks,—the snake hisses,—Charles talks.

What is that spot of green light under the hedge? See, there is another, and another! Ah, they move! how fast they run about! Is ti fire? it is like wildfire; they are like little stars upon the ground

Take one of them in your hand, it will not burn you.

How it moves about in my hand! my hand has fire in it. What is it?

Bring it into the house; bring it to the candle.

Ah, it is a little worm; it hardly shines at all now.

It is called a glow-worm.

Do not you know the song of the fairies?

And when the sun does hide his head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

In some countries there are insects which fly about in the summer evenings, and give a great deal more light than the glow-worm: you may see to read by two or three of them together. They are called fire-flies.

A fine large moth has flown into the room.

He flutters about the candle ; the light attracts him.

Pray do not burn yourself, pretty moth !

Put him away with your hand.

He will come again : I cannot hinder him.

He has scorched his long slender feelers, and his silvery wings.

Why will you burn yourself, poor moth ?

He will not be wise ; he flies quite into the candle.

He is burnt to death.

The silly moth did not know what would hurt him.

No more do some little boys.

Kites and hawks eat chickens.

Spiders make cobwebs ; they catch flies in them, and eat them up.

Owls fly in the night.

Butchers kill sheep.

The carpenter makes tables and boxes.

You shall have a box, with a lock and key to it.

The carpenter has a saw, and a chisel, and a plane, and an adze, and a gimblet, and a turn-screw, and a hatchet, and a file, and a vice, and pincers, and a hammer, and nails, and a mallet.

Charles's wooden horse is broke.

Well, take it to the carpenter's ; let him mend it.

Charles has fallen down and broke his head.

Shall I take it to the carpenter's ?
No, silly boy ! carpenters do
not mend heads.

Shoemakers make shoes.
Old people wear spectacles.
Good boys love to read.
The barber shaves.
Come, papa, sit down ; you must
have your beard shaved.
Here is the soap, and the bason,
and the razor.
Barber, do not cut papa.

Shall we go into the garden, and
see the flowers, and the apple-trees,
and run about in the gravel walk ?

Where is your roller ? Come,
roll the walk.

Work well, and perhaps I may

give you a halfpenny a day. Every body works but little babies; they cannot work.

If you are a good boy, you shall have a little garden of your own, and a spade to dig with, and a hoe, and a rake, and a little wheelbarrow; and pray do not let me see any weeds in your garden; pull them all up. And you must have a little edge about it, else the pigs will get in and spoil it. And you must go to the gardener, and say, Pray give me some seeds; and you must sow them. You must make a little hole in the ground, and put them in, and cover them up with mould, and they will grow. Here is some cress and mustard seed. Sow it, and we shall have a salad,

Water your garden. Charles, look at this gooseberry bush ; it was but so high when we put it in the ground, and now it is a great deal taller ; it is so high.

The gooseberry bush grows.

Does Charles grow ?

Yes ; Charles could not reach the table once, and now he can reach higher a great deal.

Is the table taller than it was a great while ago ?

No ; the table does not grow.

Why does not the table grow, Charles ?

See, I have brought you something very pretty : look at this large round glass which is filled with water.

Ha ! here are fish in it ; beautiful, shining fish, with white, and crimson, and purple, and gold-coloured scales. They are gold and silver fish.

How they swim about ! how large they look when they are at the other end of the glass ! See ! see, now this fish looks as big again as it did just now.

That is because you see it through the water.

Are these fish found in the rivers ?

They are not found in our rivers ; these gold and silver fish come from a great way off ; they come from China.

Will they live in this glass ?

Yes ; and they will live almost without eating any thing at all.

Sometimes they eat a little bread, but the water is nourishment enough for them for a long while.

They are very tender, and easily killed. Sometimes a hail-storm or a thunder cloud going over them will kill them in their own country.

Now set them in the window in the warm sun.

Here is a lady-bird upon a leaf. It is red, and has black spots. Ah! it has wings. It has flown away. There is a black beetle. Catch it. How fast it runs. Where is it gone? Into the ground. It makes a little hole and runs into the ground.

Worms live in the ground.

The Ass is a very patient animal,

and there are many people that would not be able to get their bread, unless it helped them in their work by bearing great and heavy burdens. And there are some places where the hills are very high, and it is very hard and dangerous to travel over the narrow roads along their sides, and there the poor careful ass will find its way better than any man, and will carry the traveller on its back from one ridge of rocks to another, and never either stumble or slip. Many hundred years ago they were used for riding by persons of great dignity, but they were larger and handsomer than those we see now, and in these parts of the world. There are two little boys yonder on

a very pretty ass, but tney have been beating him, which is naughty, and their little sister is telling tnen so, which is very good of her. I wonder how people can be so cruel to such patient animals. I could tell you a great many things about them if we had time, which would make you think they ought to be treated well. For do you know, that they are not only ready to bear all the burdens you choose to put upon them, but will suffer hunger and thirst for a long time, and keep on working, and never refuse to carry their master, till they sink down and die. This is very good indeed of them, and it is a great wonder that people are not more kind to the poor beasts, and,

instead of treating them so badly, do not feed them better, and give them good water, and fresh grass, whenever they can spare them a little time from their work. I hope if Robert has a donkey, he will be very kind to it when he has done riding, and see that it has a good bed of clean straw; and when it is grown old, that it is not made to work very hard, but left to feed in the green fields and meadows, which it ought to do, after it has laboured as many years as it could. If he do not do so, he will not deserve to have a donkey, and I dare say never will.

It is cold, Charles! very cold! Pray what do you call it when it is

so cold ? They call it winter, you know. I wonder what poor little boys do that have no fire to go to, and no shoes and stockings to keep them warm, and no good papas and mammas to take care of them and give them victuals. Poor little boys ! Do not cry, Charles, for here is a halfpenny, and when you see one of those poor little boys you shall give it him ; he will go and buy a roll with it, for he is very hungry ; and he will say, Thank you, Charles, you are very good to me !

I will tell you what, Charles ; it will be a great deal colder soon, and snow will come down. Then the pretty little robins will come and fly against the window. Open

the window. Well, what do you want, little robin? Only a few crumbs of bread. Give him some crumbs and he will hop, hop about the parlour, and sit upon the top of the screen, and sing—O he will sing all day long! Now pray do not let that wicked cat take him. No, puss! you must go and catch mice, you shall not eat poor robin. There was a cruel naughty boy once—I will tell you a story about him.

There was a naughty boy; I do not know what his name was, but it was not Charles, nor George, nor Arthur, for those are all very pretty names: but there was a robin came in at his window one

very cold morning—shiver—shiver, —and its poor little heart was almost frozen to death. And he would not give it the least little crumb of bread in the world, but pulled it about by the tail, and hurt it sadly, and it died. Now a little while after the naughty boy's papa and mamma went away and left him, and then he could get no victuals at all, for you know he could not take care of himself. So he went about to every body— Pray give me something to eat, I am very hungry. And every body said No, we shall give you none, for we do not love cruel, naughty boys. So he went about from one place to another, till at last he got into a thick wood of trees ; for he

did not know how to find his way to any place he knew ; and then it grew dark, quite dark night. So he sat down and cried sadly ; and he could not get out of the wood ; and I believe he would have died, if his cries had not been heard by a poor man who was passing that way, and who was so kind as to take him home to his house. So that if the poor man had been as cruel to him, as he was to the robin, the naughty boy must have died in the wood.

I will tell you another story.

There was a little boy, he was not a big boy, for if he had been a big boy, I suppose he would have been wiser ; but this was a little

boy, not higher than the table, and his papa and mamma sent him to school. It was a very pleasant morning; the sun shone, and the birds sung on the trees. Now this little boy did not much love his book, for he was but a silly little boy, as I told you; and he had a great mind to play instead of going to school. And he saw a bee flying about, first upon one flower, and then upon another: so he said, Pretty bee! will you come and play with me? But the bee said, No, I must not be idle; I must go and gather honey. Then the little boy met a dog, and he said, Dog! will you play with me? But the dog said, No, I must not be idle; I am going to catch a hare for my

master's dinner, I must make haste and catch it. Then the little boy went by a hay-rick, and he saw a bird pulling some hay out of the hay-rick, and he said, Bird ! will you come and play with me ? But the bird said, No, I must not be idle ; I must get some hay to build my nest with, and some moss, and some wool. So the bird flew away. Then the little boy saw a horse, and he said, Horse ! will you play with me ? But the horse said, No, I must not be idle ; I must go and plough, or else there will be no corn to make bread of. Then the little boy thought with himself, What, is nobody idle ? then little boys must not be idle neither. So he made haste, and went to school,

and learned his lesson very well, and the master said he was a very good boy.

Farewell! good night.

Charles, what a clever thing it is to read! a little while ago, you know, you could only read little words; and you were forced to spell them—c-a-t, cat; d-o-g, dog. Now you can read pretty stories, and I am going to write you some.

Do you know why you are better than Puss? Puss can play as well you; and Puss can drink milk, and lie upon the carpet; and she can run as fast as you, and faster too, a great deal; and she can climb trees better; and she can catch mice, which you cannot do.

But can Puss talk? No. Can Puss read? No. Then that is the reason why you are better than Puss—because you can talk and read. Can Pierrot, your dog, read? No. Will you teach him? Take the pin, and point to the words. No—he will not learn. I never saw a little dog or cat learn to read. But little boys can learn. If you do not learn, Charles, you are not good for half as much as puss. You had better learn your lesson.

What o'clock is it, Charles? It is twelve o'clock. It is noon. Come in the garden then. Now where is the sun? Turn your face towards him. Look at the sun! that is South. Always when it is

twelve o'clock, and you look at the sun, your face is towards the South. Now turn to your left hand. Look forwards, that is East. In the morning, when it is going to be light, you must look just there, and presently you will see the sun get up. Always in the morning look there for the sun; for the sun rises in the East. Now turn your back to the sun. Look straight forwards. That is North. Now turn to your left hand. Look forwards. That is West. When you have had your supper, and it is going to be night, look for the sun just there. He is always there when he goes to bed, for the sun sets in the West.

North. South, East, West.

The wind blows. Which way does the wind blow? Take out your handkerchief. Throw it up. The wind blows it this way. The wind comes from the North. The wind is North. It is a cold wind. The wind was West yesterday, then it was warm.

Rain comes from the clouds. Look, there are black clouds. How fast they move along! Now they have hid the sun. They have covered up the sun, just as you cover up your face when you throw a handkerchief over it. There is a little bit of blue sky still. Now there is no blue sky at all: it is all black with the clouds. It is very dark, like night. It will rain soon.

Now it begins. What large drops ! The ducks are very glad, but the little birds are not glad ; they go and shelter themselves under the trees. Now the rain is over. It was only a shower. Now the flowers smell sweet, and the sun shines, and the little birds sing again, and it is not so hot as it was before it rained.

We will drink tea out of doors. Bring the tea-things. Come, fetch your hat. It is very pleasant. But here is no table. What must we do ? O, here is a large round stump of a tree, it will do very well for a table. But we have no chairs. Here is a seat of turf, and a bank almost covered with violets ; we

shall sit here, and you and Billy may lie on the carpet. The carpet is in the parlour. Yes, there is a carpet in the parlour, but there is a carpet here too. What is it? the grass is the carpet out of doors. Pretty green soft carpet! and it is very large, for it spreads every where, over all the fields, and over all the meadows; and it is very pleasant for the sheep and the lambs to lie down upon. I do not know what they would do without it, for they have no feather-bed to sleep upon.

It is a pleasant evening. Come hither, Charles, look at the sun. The sun is in the West. Yes, because he is going to set. How pretty the sun looks! We can

look at him now ; he is not so bright as he was at dinner-time, when he was up high in the sky. And how beautiful the clouds are ! There are crimson clouds, and purple and gold-coloured clouds. Now the sun is going down at a great pace. Now we can see only half of him. Now we cannot see him at all. Farewell, sun ! till to-morrow morning.

But now, Charles, turn your face the other way, to the East. What is it that shines so behind the trees ? Is it a fire ? No, it is the moon. It is very large ; and how red it is ! like blood. The moon is round now, because it is full moon ; but it will not be so round to-morrow night ; it will lose a little bit ; and the next night it will lose a little

bit more; and more the next night; and so on till it is like your bow when it is bent: and it will not be seen till after you are in bed: and it will grow less and less, till in a fortnight there will be no moon at all. Then after that, there will be a new moon; and you will see it in the afternoon; and it will be very thin at first, but it will grow rounder and bigger every day, till at last, in another fortnight, it will be a full moon again like this, and you will see it rise again behind the trees.

Do you know what raisins are? They are grapes, dried a great deal. Grapes, you know, grow upon vines; but raisins are made of larger

grapes than those upon the vine in the garden : they come from a great way off. Do you know what sugar comes from ? Sugar comes from a cane like a walking stick, that grows in the ground ; they squeeze the juice out, and boil it a great deal, and that makes sugar. And what is tea ? Tea is a leaf that grows upon a shrub, and that is dried a good deal.

Charles wants some bread and butter—but the bread is not baked. Then bid Christopher Clump heat his oven and bake it—But the loaf is not kneaded. Then bid little Margery take the dough and kneed it—But the flour is not ground. Then take it to the mill, and bid Roger the miller grind it—But the

corn is not threshed. Then bid John Dobbins take his flail and thrash it—But the corn is not reaped. Then bid Dick Clodpole take his sickle and cut it—But the wheat is not sown. Then bid farmer Diggory take the seed and sow it—But the field is not ploughed. Then bid Ralph Wise-acre take the horses and plough it—But the plough is not made. Then go to Humphrey Hiccory the carpenter, and bid him make one—But there is never a plough-share. Then bid Firebrass the smith go to his anvil and beat one—But we have no butter. Then go to market, Susan, and buy some—But the butter is not churned. Then take your churn, Dolly, and churn some

—But the cow is not milked.
Then take your pail, Cicely, and
milk it. Now, Betty, pray spread
Charles a slice of bread and butter.

Little birds eat seeds and fruits.

Partridges eat corn.

Wolves devour sheep.

Blackbirds peck cherries.

The otter eats fish.

The calf sucks milk.

The weasel sucks eggs.

Squirrels crack nuts.

Foxes eat chickens.

Men eat every thing, corn, and
fruit, and mutton, and fish, and
eggs, and milk, and chickens.

The Tiger makes his lair in the
thick forests, by the banks of the

Ganges

The Camelopard stalks over the vast plains of Africa ; he lifts his long neck and browses the trees as he walks.

The Ostrich runs swiftly over the burning sands of Monomotapa.

The Rhinoceros loves to wallow and roll himself in the wet mud, by the banks of large rivers, and in wet marshes.

The Chamois of Switzerland would pine if he could not snuff the keen air of the mountains.

The little Ermine runs about in the frozen deserts of Siberia ; she is white like the snow that is marked by her little feet.

The Humming-bird of Jamaica could not live in our woods ; a frosty night would kill him directly.

The Rein-deer lives in Lapland ; he scrapes away the snow with his feet to get a little moss, which he lives upon ; he would die if you were to expose him to the warm sun of Persia or Hindostan.

Wild Geese, and wild Ducks, and Plovers, live in fens and marshes.

Man can live every where, in cold Norway or Lapland, in hot Guinea or Persia ; in hilly countries, or marshy plains ; he can bear as much heat as the Ostrich, and as much cold as the Reindeer.

The Sheep has a fleece to keep him warm.

The Beaver has a thick fur.

The Horse has hair, and a fine mane; how it flows over his neck, and waves in the wind.

The Ox has a thick hide.

The Ducks have feathers; thick, close feathers.

Puss has a warm fur; put your hands upon it; it is like a muff.

The Snail has a shell to shelter her from the cold.

Has the little boy got any thing?

No; nothing but a soft thin skin; a pin would scratch it and make it bleed; poor little naked boy!

But the little boy has got every thing; fur and wool, and hair, and feathers; your coat is made of warm wool, shorn from the sheep, your hat is the fur of the rabbit

and the beaver, and your shoes are made of skin.

Look at this green tall plant; do you think it would make you a garment? No, indeed.

But your shirt is made of such a plant; your shirt was growing once in the fields.

In some countries they make clothes of the bark of trees.

Men can *make* things; the sheep and the ducks cannot spin, and weave: that is the reason why the little boy has only his soft naked skin.

The milk-man is driving his cows back to the field.

Come, let us go home, it is evening. See, Mamma! how tall

my shadow is. It is like a great black giant stalking after me.

Your shadow is tall because the sun is low in the sky; it is near sunset. Look at your shadow tomorrow at noon, and you will find it a great deal shorter.

In some countries the sun is directly over folk's head at noon, and then they have no shadow at all.

If the sun were just over your head, it would be hotter than you could bear.

Why is that? is not the sun nearer us when it sinks down towards the fields, than when it is a great way up in the sky?

No; the sun does not really touch the fields, but he seems to do

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so, because you can see nothing between them.

But we are got home. Come in. Now put your eye level with the table. Look at the globe that hangs at the other end of the room : Does it not appear to touch the table ? Yes, it does. But if it was held above the table, it would not appear to touch. No. So it is with the sun. But why is it hotter when the sun is over our heads ? Because his rays come directly down upon you. Come and stand just against the middle of this fire. Now stand at the same distance sideways. Did not you feel it hotter when you stood quite opposite ? Yes ; it scorched my face. —Well, at noon the sun sends

down his scorching rays, like a number of burning arrows, directly down upon you ; but in the evening and the morning they come more slanting, and fewer of them reach you. That is the reason why it is hotter at noon: the sun is always at the same distance, more thousands of miles off than you can count.

The spring is come again, and the snow is almost melted away, and there are green buds on the hedges, and the swallows have come flying back over the wide sea, from the warm lands where they spent the winter. But it is still very cold on the hills and in the fields, and there are poor little lambs lying about that would be very glad if

the sun shone warmer, and the winds were less keen and biting. There is a farm-house yonder, and it is well sheltered by trees, and the hills that slope around it, and a little girl lives there who is very thankful that she has been so happy and safe through the long winter, and that she had not to keep out in the dreary country, like many poor little girls that have no father nor mother to take care of them, or house to shelter them. And she is come out into the fields to look about, and see if the trees are budding, and if the snow be gone from the hollow places in the hillocks, where the violets are to be found when the spring has been longer here. But look, she is going

towards the fold where there are a great many sheep and lambs lying, and there is one weak little thing that is not so strong as the rest, and it looks as if it will die unless it be sheltered better till warmer days be come. And Fanny has been into the fold, and taken the poor little lamb in her arms, and is pressing it very closely to her: and she will take it home with her, and feed it and nurse it for a long time, and so make it strong again.

Charles, do not you remember the caterpillar we put into a paper box, with some mulberry leaves for it to eat? Let us go and look at it. It is gone—here is no caterpillar—there is something in the box; what

is it? I do not know. It is a little ball of yellow stuff. Let us cut it open, perhaps we may find the caterpillar. No, here is nothing but a strange little grub, and it is dead, I believe, for it does not move. Pinch it gently by the tail. Now it stirs: it is not dead quite. Charles, this grub is your caterpillar; it is indeed. That yellow stuff is silk. The caterpillar spun all that silk, and covered itself up with it; and then it was turned into this grub. Take it and lay it in the sun: we will come and look at it again to-morrow morning. Well, this is very surprising! here is no grub at all to be found. Did not we put it on this sheet of paper last night? Yes, we

did. And nobody has been in the room to meddle with it. No, nobody at all has been in the room. Is there nothing upon the sheet of paper? Yes, here is a white butterfly. I wonder how it came here, for the windows are shut. Perhaps the grub is turned into a butterfly. It is, indeed; and look, here is the empty shell of the grub. Here is where the butterfly came out. But the butterfly is too big: this shell could not hold him. Yes, it did, because his wings were folded up, and he lay very snug. It is the same, I assure you, Charles; all the pretty butterflies that you see flying about were caterpillars once, and crawled on the ground.

Charles, you must not go out into the fields by yourself, nor without leave. You are a very little boy, you know; and if you were to venture out by yourself you would be lost; then you would cry, and night would come, and it would be dark, and you could not find your way home, and you would have no bed; you would be forced to lie down in the fields upon the cold wet grass, and perhaps you would die, and that would be a sad tale to tell.

I will tell you a story about a lamb. There was once a shepherd, who had a great many sheep and lambs. He took a great deal of care of them, and gave them sweet fresh grass to eat, and clear water

to drink; and if they were sick he was very good to them; and when they climbed up a steep hill, and the lambs were tired, he used to carry them in his arms; and when they were all eating their suppers in the field, he used to sit upon a stile, and play them a tune, and sing to them; and so they were the happiest sheep and lambs in the whole world. But every night this shepherd used to pen them up in a fold. Do you know what a sheepfold is? Well, I will tell you. It is a place like the court; but instead of pales, there are hurdles, which are made of sticks that will bend, such as osier twigs; and they are twisted and made very fast, so that nothing can creep in, and nothing can get

out. Well, and so every night when it grew dark and cold, the shepherd called all his flock, sheep and lambs together, and drove them into the fold, and penned them up, and there they lay as snug and warm and comfortable as could be, and nothing could get in to hurt them, and the dogs lay round on the outside to guard them, and to bark if any body came near ; and in the morning the shepherd unpenned the fold, and let them all out again.

Now they were all very happy, as I told you, and loved the shepherd dearly that was so good to them—all except one foolish little lamb. And this lamb did not like to be shut up every night in the

fold; and she came to her mother, who was a wise old sheep, and said to her, I wonder why we are shut up so every night! the dogs are not shut up, and why should we be shut up? I think it is very hard, and I will get away if I can, I am resolved, for I like to run about where I please, and I think it is very pleasant in the woods by moonlight. Then the old sheep said to her, You are very silly, you little lamb, you had better stay in the fold. The shepherd is so good to us that we should always do as he bids us; and if you wander about by yourself, I dare say you will come to some harm. I dare say not, said the little lamb: and so when the evening came, and the

shepherd called them all to come into the fold, she would not come, but crept slyly under an hedge and hid herself; and when the rest of the lambs were all in the fold and fast asleep, she came out, and jumped, and frisked, and danced about; and she got out of the field, and got into a forest full of trees, and a very fierce wolf came rushing out of a cave and howled very loud. Then the silly lamb wished she had been shut up in the fold; but the fold was a great way off—and the wolf saw her and seized her, and carried her away to a dismal dark den, all covered with bones and blood; and there the wolf had two cubs, and the wolf said to them, Here, I have brought you a young fat lamb—

and so the cubs took her, and growled over her a little while, and then tore her to pieces, and ate her up.

A dog is a very good creature, he loves his master dearly, and remembers him a long while, even if he has not seen him for a great many, many years—I wish all little boys loved one another as well as a dog loves his master—I will tell you a story about a dog—A great while ago there was a man called Ulysses, he lived in a little island called Ithaca; he was king of the island. And he had a dog whose name was *Argus*; he was very fond of this dog, and used to take him out with him when he went abroad;

and Argus used to scour over the fields after any thing he saw, and gallop back again to his master swifter than a race-horse; and if his master only said "Poor fellow!" and patted his head, he would be quite happy, and frisk, and bound about him all day long; and he was well fed and taken great care of. But Ulysses went abroad to fight battles with his enemies, and he was ten years at war, and he was ten years more in getting home to his dear Ithaca, for he met with a great many strange adventures by the way. Ten and ten, you know, make twenty; so he had been twenty years away. And when he came to Ithaca, he found that some bad people had taken possession of

his palace, and he was afraid they would kill him. So he disguised himself like a poor Beggar-man, and walked up to the gate with his stick in his hand. Argus was lying in the sun upon a little straw. He was grown very old now, and could not frolic and bound as he used to do, and nobody had taken good care of him, so that he was very weak and could hardly raise himself from his straw. However, he pricked up his ears at the sound of a footstep, and seeing a ragged fellow coming up to the gate, was going to bark ; but as Ulysses came nearer, he recollected his step, and looked up in his face and knew his old master, though nobody else knew him. Then poor Argus roused

himself, and just made shift to crawl towards him, and wagged his tail, and gazed joyfully in the face of Ulysses, and licked his hands, and then being quite weak and worn out, fell down and died at his feet.



Dogs can be taught to do a great many useful things. Some little boys are fond of making them stand on their hind legs, and beg for food.

I heard a curious story the other day, which I am going to tell you. There was a Duck and a Drake who were very fond of each other. The Duck was sitting upon her eggs in the duck-house, which was placed on a grass plot under the parlour windows, and the Drake was such a good husband that he staid with her all the time in the duck-house, sitting by her side and quacking to her; and though a duck has not a very musical voice, I dare say she thought his song as harmonious as the nightingale's. Well, at length the eggs were hatched, and the little ducklings came out, and then they turned the poor Drake out of the duck-house, for fear he should trample upon his children with his

great splay feet and hurt them. So he strolled about the grass plot. And next day he met a Hen with a brood of five little chickens. And he took the chickens, which were just hatched, for his own children. And he wanted to teach them to swim. For the Drake always takes that business upon himself. He leads his young ones to the water, and cuffs and bites them to make them go in, for they are afraid at first. So the Drake went up to these poor little chickens, and drove them before him down to the pond, which was at the bottom of the lawn. The Hen resisted and scuffled with him as well as she could, but the Drake was a great deal stronger than she, and nobody came

to her assistance, though they saw from the house that something was the matter by her fluttering and screaming. But the Drake was resolved his little ones should learn to swim, so he pushed them along, with his wings spread out, till he made them all go into the pond, where they were all five found dead the next morning, and the Drake standing by, very much surprised, I dare say, that his children were so stupid as to let themselves be drowned rather than learn to swim.

Yesterday is past, *To-day* is here,
To-morrow is to come.

When *To-morrow* is come, *To-day* will be *Yesterday*.

I do not understand that.

What is To-day ?

Monday

And To-morrow ?

Tuesday.

Then, on Tuesday, Monday will be *Yesterday*. I have heard a pretty riddle about that. What is that which was *To-morrow*, and will be *Yesterday* ?

To-day.

Yes. *To-day*, before it came, was called *To-morrow*, and when it is gone we shall call it *Yesterday*.

Will *Yesterday* ever c me again?

No, never, nor *To-day*, so pray improve it. A great many Days will come, one after another, but none of them will be this Day that is now here.

If I have done any thing wrong yesterday, must that always be ?

What do you think, if you write any thing with ink in this book, can you blot it out again if it is bad ?

No, I cannot.

And so if you have done something wrong yesterday, you cannot blot it out, it must stand in the book.

But I can write better in the next page.

That you may, and I hope you will ; it is all that a little boy can do, or a great man either.

Gold is of a deep yellow colour. It is very pretty and bright. It is exceeding heavy, heavier than any

thing else. Men dig it out of the ground. Shall I take my spade and get some? No, there is none in the fields hereabout: It comes from a great way off; and it lies deeper a great deal than you could dig with your spade. Guineas are made of gold; and half-guineas. This watch is gold; and the looking-glass frame, and the picture frames, are gilt with gold. Here is some leaf gold. What is leaf gold? It is gold beat very thin; thinner than leaves of paper.

Silver is white and shining. The spoons are silver; and the waiter is silver; and crowns, and half-crowns, and shillings, and sixpences are made of silver. Silver comes from a great way off too.

Copper is red. The kettle and pots are made of copper; and brass is made of copper. Brass is bright and yellow, like gold almost. This saucepan is made of brass; and the locks upon the doors, and this candlestick. What is this green upon the saucepan? It is rusty; the green is verdigrease; it would kill you if you were to eat it.

Iron is very hard. It is not pretty, but I do not know what we should do without it, for it makes us a great many things. Go and ask the cook whether she can roast her meat without a spit. Well, what does she say? She says she cannot. But the spit is made of iron; and so are the tongs, and the

poker and shovel. Go and ask Dobbin if he can plough without the plough-share. Well, what does he say? He says, no, he cannot. But the plough-share is made of iron. Will iron melt in the fire? Put the poker in and try. Well, is it melted? No: but it is red hot, and soft; it will bend. But I will tell you, Charles; Iron will melt in a very, very hot fire, when it has been in a great while; then it will melt. Come, let us go to the smith's shop. What is he doing? He has a forge: he blows the fire with a great pair of bellows to make the iron hot. Now he takes it out with the tongs, and puts it upon the anvil. Now he beats it with a hammer. How hard he

works! The sparks fly about; pretty bright sparks. What is the blacksmith making? He is making nails, and horse-shoes, and a great many things.

Steel is made of iron. Steel is very bright, and sharp, and hard.

Knives and scissors are made of steel.

Lead is soft, and very heavy. Here is a piece, lift it. There is lead in the casement; and the spout is lead, and the cistern is lead, and bullets are made of lead. Will lead melt in the fire? Try; put some on the shovel; hold it over the fire. Now it is all melted. Pour it into this bason of water. How it hisses! What pretty things it has made.

Tin is white and soft. It is

bright too. The canisters, and the dripping-pan, and the reflector, are all covered with tin.

Quicksilver is very bright like silver; and it is very heavy. See how it runs about! You cannot catch it. You cannot pick it up. There is quicksilver in the barometer.

Gold, Silver, Copper, Iron, Lead, Tin, Quicksilver. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven — What? Metals—They are all dug out of the ground.

Marble is dug out of the ground. It is very hard: you cannot cut it with a knife, but the stone-cutter can cut it. There is white marble, and black, and green, and red,

and yellow marble. The chimney piece is made of marble, and the monument in the church.

Stones come out of the ground, and flints. Here are two flints: they are very hard; strike them both together. Ah! here is fire; here are sparks. Gravel is dug out of gravel pits. They put it into carts, and then make gravel walks with it, or else mend the roads with it. Chalk and fuller's earth are dug out of the ground. Coals come out of the ground. Men dig great deep pits, and so they go down into them, and get the coal with pickaxes, and bring it up. Those men are colliers: they are very black, but I do not know how we should do for coals to make a

fire without them. A great many things come out of the ground. Sure it is very deep! Yes, it is very deep. If you were to dig a hundred years, you would never come to the bottom, it is so deep.

Charles, here is a ring for you to play with. See how it sparkles! Hold it against the sun. I see all colours in it. What is this bright shining stone? It is a diamond. It is very hard: you may write upon the glass with it. A Ruby is red: bright crimson red. An Emerald is green. A Topaz is yellow. A Sapphire is blue. The Amethyst is purple. The Garnet is red. The Beryl is light green. All these are dug out of the earth. They are called jewels—precious

stones. And here is a white round bead, which is very pretty; it is an ear-ring. What is it? It is a pearl. And does that come out of the ground too? No, it comes out of the sea. Pearls are found in oyster-shells.

Will stones melt in the fire?
No.

Does glass come out of the ground? No. People make glass in a glass-house. They have great fires burning all day and all night. You shall go to a glass-house some day and see them make it.

A tree has roots that go under the ground a great way. The roots are like its legs: the tree could not stand without them. Then

the tree has a trunk ; a large, thick, straight trunk. That is its body. Then the tree has branches ! Those are like arms : they spread out very far. Then there are boughs ; and upon the boughs leaves and blossoms. Here is a blossom upon the apple-tree. Will the blossom be always upon the tree ? No, it will fall off soon : perhaps it will fall off to-night. But then do you know what comes instead of the blossom ? What ? The fruit. After the apple-blossoms there will be apples. Then if the blossoms fall off to-night, shall I come here and get an apple to-morrow ? No, you must have patience : there will not be ripe apples a great while yet. There will be first a little, little

thing hardly bigger than a pin's head: that will swell and grow bigger every day, and harder, till at last it will come to be a great apple. But you must not eat it yet: you must let it hang till the sun has made it red, and till you can pull it off easily. Now it is ripe; it is as red as your cheeks. Now gather it and eat it.

Has a flower roots too? Yes: here is a cowslip; we will pull it up. See, here are roots like strings; here is the stem of the cowslip; here is the foot-stool; here is the flower-cup; here are the leaves of the flower; and a pretty flower it is; fine yellow with crimson spots. Here are the seeds. If the seeds are put in the ground

when they are ripe, another flower will grow up.

It is very pleasant to walk in the fields, and to have the sun shining wherever we go, and to have always some gay thing before us ; and there are some people who would like to have nothing but summer, and who wish that the days were always long and bright, and that there were no cold winds, or snow, or winter nights. I have heard some little boys and girls say, they should be very sorry when the bad weather came, for they should not then be able to play at all, and would have nothing to do to make them happy. But they were very wrong, or else were very idle

children, for there are many reasons why they should not be sorry when the snow or the rain keeps them within doors; for without snow or rain, the seeds from which the flowers and the fruits of the summer spring up would perish and never do any good; and this is cause enough to make all good children contented, though the bad weather should sometimes keep them at home. But I will tell you another thing, which should keep them from being sorry when they see the clouds come along the sky, and the dark night makes us shut the door, and draw around the fire. It is a sad thing to have learnt to read, and not to know that a pretty book is better than a ball, or a kite, or

any toy in the world. For a toy you know, is soon spoiled, or we grow tired of it, and then we forget it, and it is of no use. But a book can tell us many kinds of things, and contains sometimes pretty stories, and at others, histories of men that have done great good to the world, or who have travelled into distant lands, and seen many wonderful sights there, which they come home and tell of, to every one who can read their books. So I hope when the winter comes again, you will not be sorry, but try to make papa find some pretty book, and then you will draw round the table with your brothers and sisters, and hear of such strange things, that you will be pleased to know about

them, and be glad to find that there is something better than play, and that the winter nights are very pleasant for good children who like to sit still, and hear of what was done in the world before they were born, or of what is doing in places, that are far, very far, away. And if you like to hear of such things, I dare say, you will never be without some pretty book, that will tell you whatever you wish to know: and that would make you very glad, I think.

A she Horse is a Mare. A young Horse is a Colt. A very young Horse is a Foal.

A she Lion is a Lioness,
Tiger, Tigress.

Bull, Cow. Calf, Ox.

Boar, Sow, Pig, Hog.

Sheep, Ram, Ewe, Lamb, Wether.

Dog, Bitch, Puppy, Whelp.

Cat, Kitten.

Cock, Hen, Chicken.

Gander, Goose, Gosling.

Drake, Duck, Duckling.

Eagle, Eaglet.

Stag, Buck, Doe, Hart, Hind,
Fawn.

Hare, Leveret.

The Lion lives in a den. He is very strong. He has a great deal of thick yellow hair about his neck. That is his mane. He has very sharp claws: they would tear you to pieces. Look at him. He is very angry. See, he lashes his

sides with his tail : his eyes sparkle like fire. He roars ; how loud he roars ! It is very terrible. He shows his sharp teeth. His tongue is very rough. The Lion sleeps all day in his den. When it is night he comes out, and prowls about to find something to eat. He eats cows and sheep, and horses ; and he would eat you too, if you were within his reach. The Lioness has no mane. She is like a great dog. Any body would be afraid of a Lion if he was to come. Yes, any body would be afraid of a Lion, Charles : but you need not be afraid of dogs, they are good creatures. I will tell you a story.

There was once a little boy, who was a sad coward. He was afraid

of every thing almost. He was afraid of the two little kids, Nanny and Billy, when they came and put their noses through the pales of the court; and he would not pluck Billy by the beard. What a silly little boy he was. Pray what was his name? Nay, indeed, I shall not tell you his name, for I am ashamed of him. Well, he was very much afraid of dogs too; he always cried if a dog barked, and ran away, and took hold of his mamma's apron like a baby. What a foolish fellow he was, for dogs do not hurt, you know; they love little boys, and play with them. Did you ever see a dog eat up a little boy? No, never, I dare say. Well; so this simple little boy was walking

by himself one day, and a pretty black dog came out of a house, and said, Bow, wow, wow, wow; and came to the little boy, and jumped upon him, and wanted to play with him; but the little boy ran away. The dog ran after him, and cried louder, Bow, bow, wow; but he only meant to say Good morrow, how do you do? But this little boy was sadly frightened, and ran away as fast as ever he could, without looking before him, and he tumbled into a very dirty ditch, and there he lay, crying at the bottom of the ditch, for he could not get out: and I believe he would have lain there all day, but the dog was so good-natured, that he went to the house where the little boy lived, on

purpose to tell them where he was. So, when he came to the house, he scratched at the door and said, Bow, wow ; for he could not speak any plainer. So they opened the door.

What do you want, you black dog ? We do not know you. Then the dog went to Ralph the servant, and pulled him by the coat, and pulled him till he brought him to the ditch ; and the dog and Ralph together got the little boy out of the ditch : but he was all over mud, and quite wet, and every body laughed at him because he was a coward.

Now, Charles, my pen is tired, I cannot write any more at present ; but if you are a good boy, perhaps

I may write you some more stories another time. Farewell.

Charles, here are more stories for you,—stories about good boys, and naughty boys, and silly boys: for you know what it is to be good now. And there is a story about two foolish Cocks that were always quarrelling, which is very naughty. You do not quarrel? No. I am glad of it. But if you see any little boys that quarrel, you may tell them the story of the two Cocks. This is it. There was once a Hen who lived in a farm-yard, and she had a large brood of chickens. She took a great deal of care of them, and gathered them under her wings every night, and fed them, and

nursed them very well; and they were all very good, except two Cocks, that were always quarrelling with one another. They were hardly out of the shell before they began to peck at each other; and when they grew bigger they fought till they were all bloody. If one picked up a barley-corn, the other always wanted to have it. They never looked pretty, because their feathers were pulled off in fighting, till they were quite bare; and they pecked at one another's eyes till they were both almost blind. The old Hen very often told them how naughty it was to quarrel so; but they did not mind her.

So one day these two Cocks had been fighting, as they always did;

and the biggest Cock, whose name was Chanticleer, beat the other, and crowed over him, and drove him quite out of the yard. The Cock that had been beat slunk away and hid himself; for he was vexed : he had been conquered, and he wanted sadly to be revenged; but he did not know how to manage it, for he was not strong enough himself. So, after thinking a great deal, he went to an old sly Fox that lived near, and said to him, Fox, if you will come with me, I will shew you where there is a large fat Cock in a farm-yard, and you may eat him up if you will. The Fox was very glad, for he was hungry enough; and he said, Yes, I will come with all my heart, and I will not leave a

feather of him. So they went together, and the Cock showed Reynard the way into the farm-yard ; and there was poor Chanticleer asleep upon the perch, and the Fox seized him by the neck, and ate him up ; and the other Cock stood by and crowed for joy. But when the Fox had done, he said, Chanticleer was very good, but I have not had enough ; and so he flew upon the other Cock, and ate him up too in a moment.

I will tell you a story.

There was a little boy whose name was Harry ; and his papa and mamma sent him to school. Now Harry was a clever fellow, and loved his book, and he got to

be first in his class. So his mamma got up one morning, very early, and called Betty, the maid, and said, Betty, I think we must make a cake for Harry, for he has learned his book very well. And Betty said, Yes, with all my heart. So they made a nice cake. It was very large, and stuffed full of plums and sweetmeats, orange and citron; and it was iced all over with sugar; it was white and smooth on the top like snow. So this cake was sent to the school. When little Harry saw it he was very glad, and jumped about for joy; and he hardly stayed for a knife to cut a piece, but gnawed it like a little dog. So he ate till the bell rang for school, and after school he ate again,

and ate till he went to bed; nay, his bed-fellow told me that he laid his cake under his pillow, and sat up in the night to eat some. So he ate till it was all gone.—But presently after this little boy was very sick, and ill, and every body said, I wonder what is the matter with Harry—he used to be so brisk, and play about more nimbly than any of the boys; and now he looks pale and is very ill. And somebody said, Harry has had a rich cake, and eat it all up very soon, and that has made him ill. So they sent for Dr. Camomile, and he gave him I do not know how much bitter stuff. Poor Harry did not like it at all, but he was forced to take it, or else he would have died,

you know. So at last he got well again, but his mamma said she would send him no more cakes.

Now there was another boy, who was one of Harry's school-fellows; his name was Peter; the boys used to call him Peter Careful. And Peter had written his mamma a very neat pretty letter—there was not one blot in it all. So his mamma sent him a cake. Now Peter thought within himself, I will not make myself sick with this good cake, as silly Harry did; I will keep it a great while. So he took the cake and tugged it up stairs. It was very heavy: he could hardly carry it. And he locked it up in his box, and once a day he crept slily up stairs, and ate a very

little piece, and then locked his box again. So he kept it several weeks, and it was not gone, for it was very large; but behold! the mice got into his box and nibbled some. And the cake grew dry and mouldy, and at last was good for nothing at all. So he was obliged to throw it away, and it grieved him to the very heart, and nobody was sorry for him.

Well; there was another little boy at the same school, whose name was Billy. And one day his mamma sent him a cake, because she loved him dearly, and he loved her dearly. So when the cake came, Billy said to his school-fellows, I have got a cake, come, let us go and eat it. So they came about

him like a parcel of bees; and Billy took a slice of cake himself, and then gave a piece to one, and a piece to another, and a piece to another, till it was almost gone. Then Billy put the rest by, and said, I will eat it to-morrow. So he went to play, and the boys all played together very merrily. But presently after, an old blind Fiddler came into the court; he had a long white beard; and, because he was blind, he had a little dog in a string to lead him. So he came into the court, and sat down upon a stone, and said, My pretty lads, if you will, I will play you a tune. And they all left off their sport, and came and stood round him. And Billy saw that while he played, the

tears ran down his cheeks. And Billy said, Old man, why do you cry? And the old man said, Because I am very hungry—I have nobody to give me any dinners or suppers—I have nothing in the world but this little dog; and I cannot work. If I could work I would. Then Billy went, without saying a word, and fetched the rest of his cake, which he had intended to have eaten another day, and he said, Here, old man; here is some cake for you. The old man said, Where is it? for I am blind, I cannot see it. So Billy put it into his hat. And the Fiddler thanked him, and Billy was more glad than if he had eaten ten cakes.

Pray which do you love best?

do you love Harry, or Peter, or Billy, best ?

Little boy, come to me. Tell me how far from home you have been in your life ? I think I should like to go a great long way with you, and see what we could see : for there are a great many places in the world besides home. Bring your hat. Good-bye, Papa. Farewell, Billy and Harry, and every body. We are going a great way off. And we shall go down the lane, and through the church-yard, and by the corner-house, and over the stile, till we have got quite into the fields. How pretty the fields will look ! for it will be summer days again before we go. And

there will be yellow flowers, and white flowers, and grass, and trees, and hedges; and the grasshoppers will chirp, chirp, under our feet. Do not try to catch them; it will only hinder us, and we have a great way to go.



What is that little animal that the two girls are feeding? It is a guinea pig; it is a useless creature, and is very seldom to be met with.

Pray what are those pretty creatures that look so meek and good-natured, and have soft thick white wool upon their back, like a great coat, and make a noise like the little baby when it cries? Those are sheep and lambs. And what are those creatures with horns, that are bigger than the sheep? Some of them are black and some red; they make a loud noise, but they do not look as if they would hurt any body. Those are cows that give milk. Stroke them. Poor cows! Stand still and look back. Now we cannot see papa's house at all; and we can see only the top of the church steeple. Let us go a little farther. Now look back. Now we cannot see the church at all. Farewell!

We are going a great way. Shall we ever come back again? Yes, we shall come back again, but we must go on now. Come, make haste.

What is that tall thing that has four great arms which move very fast? I believe, if I was near it, they would strike me down. It is a Wind-mill. Those arms are the sails. The wind turns them round. And what is a wind-mill for? It is to grind corn. You could have no bread if the corn were not ground. Well, but here is a river: how shall we do to get over it? Why, do not you see how those ducks do? they swim over. But I cannot swim. Then you must learn to swim, I believe; it is too wide to jump over. O here is a

Bridge! Somebody has made a bridge for us quite over the river. That somebody was very good, for I do not know what we should have done without it; and he was very clever too. I wonder how he made it. I am sure I could not make such a bridge.

Well, we must go on, on, on; and we shall see more rivers and more fields, and towns bigger than our town a great deal—larger towns, and fine churches, streets, and people—more than there is at the fair. And we shall have a great many high hills to climb. I believe I must get somebody to carry the little boy up those high hills. And sometimes we shall go through dusty sandy roads; and sometimes

through green lanes, where we shall hear the birds sing. Sometimes we shall go over wide commons, where we shall see no trees, nor any houses; and large heaths, where there is hardly any grass—only some purple flowers, and a few black-nosed little sheep. Ha! did you see that pretty brown creature that ran across the path? Here is another; and look! there is another: there are a great many. They are Rabbits. They live here, and make themselves houses in the ground. This is a rabbit warren.

Now we are come amongst a great many trees—more trees than there are in the orchard by a great many; and taller trees. There is oak, and ash, and elm. This is a

Wood. What great boughs the trees have! like thick arms. The sun cannot shine amongst the trees, they are so thick. Look, there is a squirrel! Jumping from one tree to another. He is very nimble. What a pretty tail he has!

Well; when we have gone on a great many days, through a great many fields and towns, we shall come to a great deep water, bigger a great many times than the river, for you can see over the river, you know—you can see fields on the other side; but this is so large, and so wide, you can see nothing but water, water, as far as ever you can carry your eyes. And it is not smooth, like the river; it is all rough, like the great pot in the

kitchen when it is boiling. And it is so deep, it would drown you, if you were as tall as two church steeples. I wonder what they call this great water! there is an old, old fisherman, sitting upon a stone drying himself; for he is very wet. I think we will ask him. Pray, fisherman, what is this great water? It is the sea: did you never hear of the sea? What! is this great water the same sea that is in our map at home? Yes, it is. Well, this is very strange! we are come to the sea that is in our map. But it is very little in the map. I can lay my finger over it. Yes; it is little in the map, because every thing is little in the map; the towns are little and the rivers are little.

Pray, Fisherman, is there any thing on the other side of this sea? Yes; fields, and towns, and people. Will you go and see them? I should like to go very well? but how must we do to get over? for there is no bridge here. Do not you see those great wooden boxes that swim upon the water? They are bigger than all Papa's house. There are tall poles in the middle as high as a tree. Those are masts. See, now they are spreading the sails. Those white sheets are the sails. They are like wings. These wooden boxes are like houses with wings. Yes, and I will tell you what, little boy! they are made on purpose to go over the sea; and the wind blows them along faster than a horse can trot.

What do they call them? They call them ships. You have seen a ship in a picture. Shall we get in? What have those men in the ship got on? They have jackets and trowsers on, and checked shirts. They are sailors. I think we will make you a sailor; and then instead of breeches you must have a pair of trowsers. Do you see that sailor, how he climbs up the ropes? He is very nimble. He runs up like a monkey. Now he is at the top of the mast. How little he looks! But we must get in. Come, make haste: they will not stay for us. What are you doing? picking up shells! We must get into a boat first, because the ship is not near enough. Now we are in.

Now we are upon the great sea. Blow, blow, wind! Sail away, ship. There are little rooms in the ship. Those little rooms are called cabins. Let us walk about and look at the ship. Why you cannot walk steady; I am afraid you are tipsy! Because the ship rolls about. But the sailors can walk steady. The sea is not like the river, it is greenish. Well; here is water enough if we should be thirsty. Yes, here is water enough; but you would not like to drink it. It is salt and bitter. You could not drink it. How fast we go! Now the fields are a great way off. Now we cannot see any fields at all, nor any houses, nor any thing but the great deep water. It is water

all round as far as ever we can see. Yes, and sky ; we can see the sky too. All sky over our heads, and all water every where round us ! Do not be afraid, little boy ! Blow, blow, wind ! sail away, ship ! I see some things in the sea at a great distance. Those are more ships and boats. How very small they are ! they look like nut-shells in a great pond. O, now we are coming to the green fields and towns on the other side of the sea ! I can see them a little. Now I can see them very plain. And here is a little piece of green land, with the water running all round it. That is an island. A piece of land with water all round it, is an island. But we

are not going there; we are going to the great land.

Now we are at the land. Get out of the ship. Pray, what country is this? This is France. France! why France is in the map too. And pray what is the name of the country we came from, where we live, and where Papa lives? It is England. And the deep sea is between France and England. Yes, you know it is so in the map.

O, France is a pretty place! It is warmer than our country: and here are pretty flowers, and fine fruit, and large grapes. I never saw such large grapes in all my life. And the vines grow in the fields; they do not grow against walls, as our vines do. And there

are a great many people, men and women, and little boys and girls, singing and dancing about, and so merry ! nothing can be like it. I think we will live here, and send for Papa and Arthur. Let us go and talk with those people. Here, you little girl ! pray give us some of your nice fruit. *Serviteur, Monsieur.* What do you say, little girl ? I do not understand you. I cannot help that. Here is an old man cutting the vines, we will speak to him. Pray, old man, will you give us some of your fruit ? We are come a great way to see you. *Serviteur, Monsieur.* What do you say ? We do not know what *Serviteur, Monsieur*, is. It is French. But we do not understand

French. I cannot help that, you must go home and learn. And why do you speak French? Because this is France. Did not you know that every body speaks French in France? Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he! Ho, ho, ho! Here is a foolish little boy come a great way over the sea, and does not know that every body speaks French in France. Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he! Ho, ho, ho!—What shall we do, little boy? every body laughs at us; and all the little birds twitter and chirps at us. We will go home again. Farewell, France! We will not go to France again till Papa has taught us to talk French. Let us get into the ship again. Blow, wind! sail away, ship! Now we are got back again.

Pray, papa, teach the little boy French, before he goes a great way abroad again.

I will tell you a story about two little boys, Sam and Harry—One fine summer's day, Sam was walking home from school over the fields. He sauntered slowly along, for it was very pleasant, and he was reading in a pretty story-book, which he had just bought with his week's money, and sometimes he lay down under a tree and read, and the birds sung over his head, and he was a happy little boy. Well, at length, he got over a stile, and came into the high road, and there was a gate across the road, and a blind beggar stood holding the gate

open, and said, Pray bestow a half-penny. But Sam gave him nothing. What ! did Sam give the poor blind beggar nothing. No, because he had nothing to give, for, as I told you, he had spent his money. So he walked through, and looked rather sorrowful. And in a minute or two afterwards, a smart curricule came driving down to the gate, and Harry and his Mamma were in it. And the blind man stood and held his hat. Let us give the poor blind man something, said Harry immediately to his Mamma. So his Mamma gave him a handful of half-pence which she had just received from the last turnpike man. And Harry took them eagerly, but instead of putting

them into the poor man's hat which he held out for them, he threw the whole handful as far as he could scatter them into the hedge. The poor man could not find them there you know, and looked very melancholy; but Sam, who had turned his head to look at the fine curricie, saw Harry fling the half-pence, and came back, and looked carefully in the hedge, and in the grass, and all about, till, one by one, he had found all the half-pence and, besides the trouble he had, it took him so much time, that he almost lost his dinner by coming too late.

Now pray, which do you think was most kind to the poor blind man, Harry or Sam? I know very

well which he thanked most in his heart.

There was a little girl who loved very dearly to run through the meadows, and catch the butterflies that she saw flying about, or resting on the bright gay flowers in the hedges. But she always found that as soon as she touched them, their wings lost all their pretty colour, and were sometimes even rent and broken if she held them ever so gently. She was, as she ought to be, so vexed at this, that she determined to catch no more butterflies, but to be contented with seeing them skim from one flower to another, and to stand and look at them while they opened and shut

their beautiful wings in the sun. But though butterflies' wings could be so soon broken and spoiled, birds' she thought could not, and it would be a great deal better, she said to herself, to have pretty young birds in her hand, that might be touched without harm, and would in time sing to her, than the gayest butterflies that were ever seen. And so she persuaded some one to get her a nest-full of young linnets, out of a thick hedge, which she took and put against her bosom, and then fed them, till she thought they would be much happier with her than they were among the boughs and leaves of the tree. But when the old bird flew back, after she had been seeking food for her.

young, and found her nest gone, she made such a sad twittering that the little girl felt very sorry, and began to think that though the young ones might be glad to have such a nice warm bed as she made them in a little cage, their mother must be very grieved to lose them, and so she went to bed not half so glad at having the young birds as she was at first. When she got up in the morning, she went to look at them, and carry them some food, and she thought, 'Perhaps the old bird has forgotten them by this time;' but it was no such thing, for she was flying backwards and forwards before the window where the cage stood, and would have come quite near, had not some one

frightened her. When she put her hand into the cage with the crumbs of bread she had brought, she hoped the little linnets would put up their beaks and shake their wings, and take the food. But they neither chirped nor moved, and she was very vexed, and touched them with her hand again and again to make them stir, but they would not, and then she thought she would take them out, and so she did, and they were all dead. When she saw this, she cried, and found she had been very cruel, and said she would never take poor little birds again from their mother. But after a few days, she was again wishing to have something to play with, and to make fond of; and

she was so lucky as to find a number of little kittens, which an old cat was bringing up in a corner by the kitchen fire. So she begged her mamma to let her have one, which she did, and she ran immediately and took the prettiest she could see, and went away with it. But she had not long had it in her arms when the mother came after her, and mewing and looking up at her, seemed to beg that she would set it down, and let it go back into the kitchen. And the good little girl remembered the poor birds, and would not for the world be so cruel again; and she let the kitten go, but was soon after rewarded by finding it grown very strong, and that it was ready

of its own accord to leave the old cat ; and so she had it again, and a faithful little thing it was all its life.

You know how many legs a horse has ? Yes, a Horse has four legs. And do you know what an animal is called that has four legs ? It is called a Quadruped. The Cow is a quadruped ; and the Dog, and the Lion, and all the beasts. But birds are not quadrupeds, for they have only two legs. Some quadruped have hoofs. The Horse has hoofs ; so has the Ass, and the Cow : but the dog has no hoofs ; the dog has toes with claws ; so the Dog is not hoofed, but digitated ; and the Cat and the Squirrel,

and a great many more, are digitated. The hoof of the Horse is whole, it is all in one piece; but the hoof of the Cow is parted, as if it were two hoofs. That is being cloven-footed; the hoof is cloven. The Cow, and the Sheep, and the Hog, and the Stag, are all cloven-footed; but the Horse and the Ass have whole hoofs.

What a pretty sight a poultry yard is! There is the Hen clucking, the Cock strutting about, the Peacock spreading his tail, the Drake showing his fine plumage as he sails in the pond, the Turkeys gobbling, and the Guinea Hens crying, 'Come back, Come back,' for which reason in Norfolk they

call them *Comebacks*. But these fowls are very jealous of a new comer, and often treat him very ill. I will tell you a little story about that.—There was a gentleman who had a yard full of all these kinds of fowls, and they lived very sociably together, but one day the gentleman bought a Bantam Cock, and sent him in among them. He was very finely mottled and feathered down to the toes, but for some reason or other, the rest took a dislike to him. I think it very probable the Bantam might be saucy, and give himself airs; for a Bantam is a great coxcomb, and struts about, and seems to think himself as tall as a Turkey Cock. Well, some how he

had affronted them, so all the fowls in the yard got together, and made a circle round him, and a couple of Guinea fowls took him by the wings, and dragged him to the pond, where they fairly gave him a good ducking, and all the fowls that stood by, seemed much pleased with the operation. But when the master of the yard was told of it next day, he ordered his man John to take the two Guinea fowls and give them a ducking in the same pond, which was done, and I dare say you think they were served very right.

I will tell you another story. William and Edward were two clever little boys, and not at all

ill-natured, but they were very fond of sport, and they did not care whether people were hurt or no, provided they could but laugh. So one fine summer's day, when they had said their lessons, they took a walk through the long grass in the meadows. William began to blow the dandelions, and the feathered seeds flew in the wind like arrows, but Edward said, Let us tie the grass; it will be very good sport to tie the long grass over the path, and to see people tumble upon their noses as they run along, and do not suspect any thing of the matter. So they tied it in several places, and then hid themselves to see who would pass. And presently a farmer's boy came

trudging along, and down he tumbled, and lay sprawling on the ground; however he had nothing to do but to get up again, so there was not much harm done this time. Then there came Susan the milkmaid, tripping along with her milk-pail upon her shoulders, and singing like a lark. When her foot struck against the place where the grass was tied, down she came with her pail rattling about her shoulders, and her milk was all spilt upon the ground. Then Edward said, Poor Susan! I think I should not like to be served so myself; let us untie the grass. No, no, said William, if the milk is spilt there are some pigs that will lick it up: let us have some more

fun : I see a man running along as if he were running for a wager. I am sure he will fall upon his nose. And so the man did, and William and Edward both laughed ; but when the man did not get up again they began to be frightened, and went up to him and asked him if he was hurt. O masters, said the man, some thoughtless boys, I do not know who they are, have tied the grass together over the path, and as I was running with all my might, it threw me down, and I have sprained my ankle so that I shall not be able to walk for a month. I am very sorry, said Edward ; have you a great deal of pain ? O yes, said the man, but that I do not mind, but I was

going in a great hurry to fetch a surgeon to bleed a gentleman who is in a fit, and they say he will die if he is not bled. Then Edward and William both turned pale as ashes, and said, Where does the surgeon live? we will go for him, we will run all the way. He lives at the next town, said the man, but it is a mile off, and you cannot run so fast as I should have done; you are only boys. Where must we tell the surgeon to come to? said William. He must come to the white house, at the end of the long chesnut avenue, said the man; he is a very good gentleman that lives there. O, it is papa! it is our dear papa! said the two boys. O, papa will die; what must we do?

—I do not know whether their papa died or no; I believe he got well again; but I am sure of one thing, that Edward and William never tied the grass to throw people down again as long as they lived,

See! I have brought you a picture, what is it a picture of?

It is a picture of a horse.

Is it *like* a horse?

O yes, very like. How well he holds his head. What a fine mane. How he stretches out his legs. He is galloping along very fast indeed.

What is this word that is written under?

That is *Horse* too.

Is that *like* a horse?

I do not know. I do not quite understand the question, it *means* horse.

If you were to show it a Frenchman that had not learned English, would he know that it means horse?

No, not till he was told.

If you were to ask him what word means Horse, what would he say?

He would say *Cheval*.

But if you were to show him this picture, would he know what it is?

Yes, directly.

Or an Italian, or a Spaniard, or a German?

Yes, any body would know it directly, without being told.

If you were to take this picture

and cut it in pieces, what would you have?

I should have the head in one piece, and the legs in another, and the body in another.

And the legs would be like legs, would they not, and the body like a body? Yes.

But if you were to take the *word* horse, and cut it in pieces, what would you have.

I should have the letters h, and o, and r, and s, and e.

Would those letters be the legs and head?

No, they would mean nothing.

Could you have known that the word horse means a horse before you were told?

No, I remember learning to

read it, I did not know it before.

But you would always have known the *picture* of a horse ; your little cousin that cannot read at all, and can hardly speak, knows that, and tries to neigh when he sees it. Nay, animals will know a picture if it is very well done ; there is a story of a man that painted a bunch of grapes so very well that the birds came and pecked at it ; but do you think you could have taught a bird to read ?

No, indeed.

Well, then, you see that the *picture* of a horse is really *like* a horse, but the *word* is not. The word only means horse, because people chose to make it so ; any other letters would have done as well.

If they had chosen that RAB should mean horse, it would have meant horse, but nobody could make the picture of an eagle to be the picture of a horse, because a picture must be *like* the thing it is a picture of.

Words are arbitrary marks of our ideas, but you cannot understand that sentence yet; I have tried to explain the thing.

The Ass says, I am a Quadruped; I am a very patient good creature. I have hoofs, and very long ears: I bray very loud. The horse is frightened when I bray, and starts back; but I am very meek, and never hurt any thing. My young ones are colts; I suckle them.

am not so big as a horse, and I cannot gallop so fast, but I work very hard. Sometimes I carry little boys on my back, two or three at a time, and they whip me and prick my sides, to make me go faster. I carry greens to market, and turnips, and potatoes; and sometimes I carry a great load of pans, and mugs, and pots, with which my back is almost broke; and I get nothing for my dinner but a few prickly thistles and some coarse grass from off the common: and I have no stable to go into as a Horse has; I always lie out in the fields, in the snow, and in the rain, but I am very contented. I give milk as well as the Cow: and my milk is very

good for people that are sick, to make them well again.

Ha ! what is there amongst the furze ? I can see only its eyes. It has very large full eyes. It is a Hare. It is in its form, squatting down amongst the bushes to hide itself, for it is very fearful. The Hare is very innocent and gentle. Its colour is brown ; but in countries which are very cold it turns white as snow. It has a short bushy tail ; its lip is parted, and very hairy ; and it always moves its lips. Its hind legs are very long, that it may run the better. The Hare feeds upon herbs, and roots, and the bark of young trees, and green corn ; and sometimes it

will creep through the hedge, and steal into the gardens, to eat pinks and a little parsley ; and it loves to play and skip about by moon-light, and to bite the tender blades of grass when the dew is upon them ; but in the daytime it sleeps in its form. It sleeps with its eyes open, because it is very fearful and timid, and when it hears the least noise, it starts and pricks up its large ears. And when the huntsman sounds his horn, and the poor harmless Hare hears the Dogs coming, then it runs away very swiftly straight forward, stretching its legs, and leaves them all behind. But the Dogs pursue her, and she grows tired, and cannot run so fast as at first. Then she doubles and turns,

and runs back to her form, that the hounds may not find her; but they run with their noses to the ground, smelling till they have found her out. So when she has run five or six miles, at last she stops and pants for breath, and can run no further. Then the hounds come up, and tear her, and kill her. Then when she is dead, her little limbs, which moved so fast, grow quite stiff, and cannot move at all. A snail could go faster than a hare when it is dead: and its poor little heart that beat so quick, is quite still and cold; and its round, full eyes, are dull and dim; and its soft furry skin is all torn and bloody. It is good for nothing now but to be roasted.

All birds that swim in the water are web-footed. Their toes are joined together by a skin that grows between them; that is being web-footed; and it helps the birds to swim well, for then their feet are like the fins of a fish.

The Swan says, My name is Swan; I am a large bird, larger than a goose. My bill is red, but the sides of it are black, and I have black about my eyes. My legs are dusky, but my feet are red, and I am web-footed. My body is all white, as white as snow, and very beautiful. I have a very long neck. I live in rivers and lakes. I eat plants that grow in the water, and seeds, and little insects, and snails. I do not look pretty when

I walk upon the ground, for I cannot walk well at all ; but when I am in the water, swimming smoothly along, arching my long neck, and dipping my white breast, with which I make way through the water, I am the most graceful of all birds. I build my nest in a little island amongst the reeds and rushes. I make it of sticks and long grass : it is very large and high. Then I lay my eggs, which are white, and very large, larger a great deal than a goose's egg ; and I sit upon them for two months ; then they are hatched, and my young ones come out. They are called cygnets. They are not white at first, but grayish. If any body was to come near me when I am in my

nest, sitting upon my eggs, or when I have my young ones, I should fly at him : for I am very fierce to defend my young ; and if you were to come to take them away, I should beat you down with my strong pinion, and perhaps break your arm. I live a very great while.

The Sun says, My name is Sun. I am very bright. I rise in the east ; and when I rise, then it is day. I look in at your window with my bright golden eye, and tell you when it is time to get up ; and say, Sluggard, get up ; I do not shine for you to lie in your bed and sleep, but I shine for you to get up, and work, and read, and walk about. I am a great traveller,

I travel all over the sky ; I never stop, and I never am tired. I have a crown upon my head of bright beams, and I send forth my rays every where. I shine upon the trees and the houses, and upon the water ; and every thing looks sparkling and beautiful when I shine upon it. I give you light, and I give you heat, for I make it warm. I make the fruit ripen, and the corn ripen. If I did not shine upon the fields and gardens nothing would grow. I am up very high in the sky, higher than all trees, higher than the clouds, higher than every thing. I am a great way off. If I were to come nearer you, I should scorch you to death, and I should burn up the grass, for I am

all made of hot glowing fire. I have been in the sky a great while. Four years ago there was no Charles; Charles was not alive then, but there was a Sun. I was in the sky before papa and mamma were alive, a great many long years ago; and I am not grown old yet. Sometimes I take off my crown of bright rays, and wrap up my head in thin silver clouds, and then you may look at me; but when there are no clouds, and I shine with all my brightness at noon-day, you cannot look at me, for I should dazzle your eyes, and make you blind.

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